

30 JUVENILE RAMBLES.

lotte, given him a very elegant cage, and I really think he deserves it, for he is by no means an idle little fellow.

It is very surprising, that so little an animal should have so strong and sweet a pipe. He feels no inconvenience or regret for his confinement, but hops about from perch to perch, eats when he is hungry, drinks when he is dry, and sings when he pleases. Indeed, he has been so long used to confinement, that were he to be let loose, he would be unable to look for his food, and would perhaps soon die with hunger.

I hope you take care to give him, when necessary, fresh seed, and to supply him with plenty of sweet water, and to keep him quite clean; for he is your prisoner, and depends upon your care for his daily support. A prisoner, as he is, cannot fly abroad to take care of himself, and therefore he claims every mark of your attention. He endeavours to reward your  
care

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care of him, by entertaining you with his sweetest notes, and filling your ears with the most charming sounds.

Were you to catch a bird that has been accustomed to live in the fields, and put him into a cage, confinement would be so dreadful to him, that he would perhaps beat himself to pieces against the sides of the cage. Should he not kill himself in that attempt to recover his liberty, yet he would remain fullen at one corner, refuse all victuals, and at last die with hunger, though there were plenty before him. But let us leave this pretty little canary-bird to himself, and see what the fields will offer to our reflections.

We have passed through that rural lane, and are now got into a beautiful corn-field. See, Billy, how beautifully it looks; observe, Charlotte, how the ears wave with the passing wind that puts the whole in motion! Great was the labour of the husbandman to produce this fine crop; for corn is not brought forward like  
grafs.